

THE ANCIENT AND MODERN

3.

HISTORY

OF

Buckhaven

IN

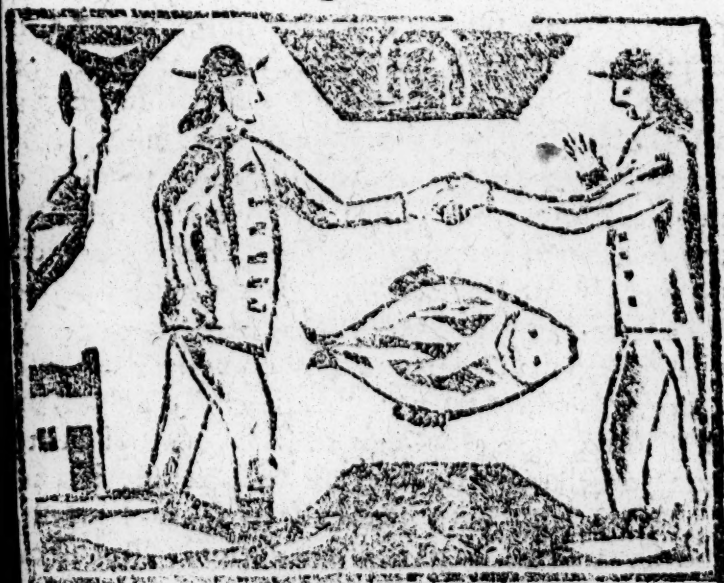
FIFE-SHIRE.



WHEREIN IS CONTAINED,

The Exploits of Wife Willy, in the Brae,
the noted Savings of Witty Eppie, the Ale-
wife, and a Description of their College.

By MERRY ANDREW, at *Tamtallon*.



Entered according to Order.

THE
HISTORY of BUCKHAVEN.

AMONGST several ancient records, this BUCKHAVEN is not mentioned. There was a set called Buccaniers, who were pirates, that is to say, sea-robbers; and after a strict search was made for them, they dispersed: what of them escaped justice in the southern climate, are said to have sheltered at or near Berwick-upon-Tweed. After a very smart battle among themselves, they divided and, it is said, the party who gained the Bucky battle, fearing the English law to take place, set northward, and took up their residence at this Buckhaven, so called not only from the great quantity of buckies that are found in and about that place, but on account of the battle they had with their neighbours at Berwick, when they divided, which was then called bucking one another, but is now named boxing or fighting. Another party of these Buckers, settled in another town northward of Banff, called Bucky, near the river Spey, which is a large sea-town. But among all the sea-towns in Scotland, the fishers still retain a language quite different from the people in the country; and they almost all shift the letter H and use O, instead thereof which no people in Scotland do, but themselves.— There is a corruption of speech in almost every county over all Britain, and likewise they use different tones and ways of pronouncing words from others; even some in the south of Scotland, can hardly be understood by those in the north though both pretend to speak English, and have a liberal part of education. But since learning is now so easy to be obtained ignorance and corruption of speech are greatly decreased.

In

In the county of Fife, on the sea coast there stands a little town inhabited by few but fishers, called Bucky-harbour, because of the sea-buckies and shells to be found in plenty on the rocks in and about that place. There is little mention made of this town by historians, to know its original extraction and antiquities, but in their own burgess ticket, part of which was perfect truths, but more of it by way of lampoon; this ticket was dated the two and-thirty day of the month of Julius Cæsar; their coat of arms was two hands gripping each other over a Scate's rumple; their oath was, "Foul sa-me an I binna an honest man to you, an the same sa you, an ye binna the like to me." An article of good neighbourhood they had, that whoever was first up in the morning, was to raise all the rest, to go to sea; but if a bad morning, they piss'd and lay down again till break of day; then raise Wife Willy, who could judge of the weather by the blowing of the wind.



Their freedoms were to take all kinds of fish contained in their Tickets, viz Lobsters, par-tans, podles, spout-fish, sea-cats, sea dogs, flukes, pikes, dike-padocks, and p—— fish.

Among these people were said to be, one Tom and his two sons, who were fishers on the coast of Norway, and in a violent storm were blown over, and got ashore at Bucky-harbour, where they settled, and the whole of his children were called Thomsons; this is an historical saying, handed down from one generation to another. So in course of time they grew up and multiplied that they soon became a little town by themselves; few of any other name dwelt among them. They kept but little communication with the country people, for a farmer in those days, thought his daughter cast away, if she married one of the fishers in Bucky-harbour. and Witty Eppie the ale wife, had a sworn be-go' laddie, I wad rather see my boat

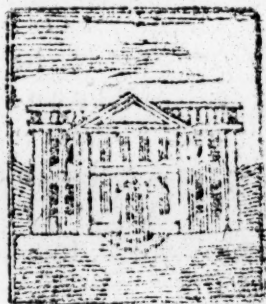


and a' my three sons dadet against the Bais, or I saw any ane o' them married on a muck-a-byre's dong ter, a wheen useless taupies, that can do naething but rive at a tow-rock, and
cut

cut corn; they can neither bait a hook nor red a line, hook and-bells nor g. harper's binckles.

Now Wife Willy and Witty Eppie the ale-wife lived there, about an hundred year ago. Eppie's chamber was the College and Court-

New



College.

House where they decided their controversies, and explained their wonders! for the house was wide like a little Kirk; had four windows and a gavel-door. The wives got leave to leave to fute their fill but fighting was forbidden (as Eppie said Up hands was fair play.) Their fines were 2' in pints o' ale, and Eppie sold it at a plack the pint. They had neither minister nor magistrate, nor yet a burly-bailie, to brag them wi' his tolbooth. My Lord was their landlord, Wife Willy and Witty Eppie, the ale-wife, were the rulers of the town.

Now Eppie had a daughter, called Lingle-tail's Nancy, because of her feckless growth; her waist was like a twitter, had nae carpen for a creel, being Embruch-bred and brought up wi' her Lowdin aunty; was learned to read and sew, made corse claithe and callico-matches, there wasna a scholar in the town but herself. She read the Bible, and the Book of Kirk-fargs, which was newly come in fashion. Willy and Eppie

Eppie tell'd ay what it meant, and said a' the leeters in it was litted by my Lord, for they saw him hae a feather, that he dropped in black water and made crooked feores just like the same, and then he spake to it o'er again, and it tell'd him what to say.

It happened on a day, that two of their wives found a horse-shoe near the town; they brought it hame and sent for Wife Willy to see what it was. Willie comes and looks at it. Indeed, co' Willy, it's a thing and holes in't. I then said they we kend he could get a name till't. Aha co' Willy, but whair did ye find it? Anath my Lord's ain house, Willy. Aged, said Willy, it's the auld-moon. I ken by the holes in't, for naming it to the lift. But I wonder it she fell in Fire, for the last time I saw her, she was hinging on her back aboon Embruch. A heeh, co' Willy we'll hae her set up on the highest boule in the town an' we'll hae moon-light o'



our ain a' the days o' the year. The whole town ran to see the moon. Hout, tout, cried Witty Eppie, ye're a' fools together, it is but ane o' things it my Lord's mare wears upo' her lufe. At

At another time, one of the wives found a hare with its legs broken, lying among her kail in the yard; she, not knowing what it was, called out her neighbours to see it: some said, it was some gentleman's cat, or my lady's lap-dog, or a sheep's young kullen, because it had salt horns. Na na cry'd Wife Willy, it's ane



o' the maukens, that gentlemen's dogs worrie. What will ye do wi't? Haith, co' Maggy, I'll singe the woo' aff t, and make fish and sauce o't to my Tammy's parrich. No, no, said *Witty Eppie*, better gie't to my Lord an he'll slap an i' n slick thro' the guts o't and gar't rin round afore the fire till it be roasted. Na, na, said *Wife Willy*, we'll no do that indeed, for my Lord wad mak us a' dogs, an gar us rin thro' the kintry seeking maukens till him.

It happened on a dark winter morning, that two of their wives were going to Dysart to sell their fish, and near the road-side there was a Tinkler's ass tedder'd; the poor ass seeing the wives coming, fell a-crying, and the wives being frightened, threw their fish away, and ran home, crying they had seen the de'il, which set the whole town in an uproar! and were going with spades and picks, to hag him a' in pieces, or catch him in a net, and then burn him.— Na, na, co' *Wife Willy*, the kintry he comes frae

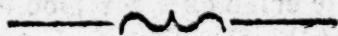
is a het coals, he'll never burn; we'll go to him in a civil manner and see what he wants. Get ou' Eppie, the ale-wife, and lingle-tair'd Nancy wi' the Bible and the Saumbok. So aff they came in a cro' d. en'er to kill the de'il or catch him alive; and as they came near the place the ale fell a-crying, which cauled many of them to faint and run back. Na, na, co' Willy, that's no the de'il's words a-a, it's my Lord's trumpet en' senting on his brats whistle. Willy ventured till he saw the a's twa lugs: Now, cried Willy back to the rest, come forward and Imaid him fast. I see his twa horns! Hech fir! he has a white beard, like an auld beggar man. So they enclosed the poor als on all sides, thinking it was the de'il. But when Wife Willy saw he had nae cloven feet, he caud out. Hearna lads, this is no the de'il it's some living beast; tis neither a cow nor a horse.— And what is it then, Willy? Indeed, co' Willy, 'tis the father o' the maulkens. I ken by its lugs.

Some may say, This is too satirical a history, but it is according to the knowledge of those times. But this Buckhaven, which was once noted for drill exploits, is now become more knowing and is a place said to produce the best and hardiest watermen or sailors of any town on the Scots coast, yet many of the old people in it, still retain the old tincture of their old and uncultivated speech as be-go-laddie, also a fiery nature; if you ask any of the wives where their College stands, they'll tell you, if your nose were in their a—, your mouth would be at the door of it.

Now it happened, when Wife Willy turned old, he took a great swelling in his wame, and
cassing

casting up o' his kail, collops and cauld fish, that
 nothing staid on his stomach; and a stout stomach
 had he, for crab-heads, or scate-brose, or fat
 brose on a bridal-morning; yet it fail'd him:
 he fell sick, and none could cure him, or tell
 what ail'd him, till a mountebank stage-doctor
 came to Kirkcaldy, that could judge by people's
 water, the troubles of their person; and Willy
 hearing of his fame, piss'd into a bottle, and
 sent it away with his daughter. The bottle
 being uncorked, his daughter spilt it by the way,
 and to conceal her sloth in so doing, piss'd in it
 herself, and on she goes; and when she came to
 the stage, she cried out, Sir Dochter, Sir Doch-
 ter, here is a bottle o' my father's wash, he has
 fair guts, never needs to d—te ony, he spues
 a' he eats; 'tis true I tell you, my dow. The
 doctor looks at it, and says, It is not your father's,
 surely it is your mother's. The de'il's i' the
 man, co' she, divna I ken my father by my mither?
 Then, said he, he is with child. The de'il's
 i' the man, co' she, for my mither bare a' de
 bairns before; dats no true fir, fags ye're a
 great liar. Home she came, and tell'd Willy,
 her father, that the doctor said he was wi' bairn.
 O wae's me, co' Willy, for I hae a muckle wame,
 and I fear it's o'er true. O plague on you, Janet,
 for ye're the father o't, and I'm sure to die in
 the bearing o't. Witty Eppie was sent for,
 as she was the houdy, and fand a' Willy's wame,
 to be sure about it. Indeed, co' Eppie ye're
 the first man e'er I saw wi' bairn before; and
 how you'll bear it I dinna ken, ye hae a wally
 wame, weel I wat, but how men bear bairns I
 kenna; I wou'd drink salt water, and drown't in
 my guts, for an men get ane the gate o' bearing
 weans themselfs, they'll seek nae mae wives.

So Willy drank sea-water till his guts was like to rive and out he goet to ease himself among the kail; where let ing a loud fart, up starts a mauken behind him, thinking she was shot! Willy seeing her jump over the dyke, thought it was a child brought forth, and cried, Come back, my dear, and be christened and no rin to the hills and be a Pagan. So Willy grew better every day thereafter, being brought to bed in the kail-yard. But his daughter was brought to bed some months thereafter, which was the cause of the doctor's mistake.



P A R T II.

NOW *Wife Willy* had a daughter, called Rolioching Jenny, because she spoke thick, six words at three times, half sense and half nonsense, as her own words and actions will bear witness. She being with child, was delivered of a bonny la's bairn; and a' the wives in the town cried, Be go-laddie, it's just like its ain daddy, lang Sandy Taton, (or Thomson) we ken by its nose; for Sandy had a great muckle red nose like a lobster's tae, bowed at the point like a hawk's neb; and Sandy himself said that it was surely his or someither body's, but he had used a' his birr at the getting o' it, to seiv his ability, being the first time e'er he was at sic a business before; and when he had done a' that man could do at it, said, it was nonsense; and shamesa him, but he wad rather

row his boat round the Bass and back again, or he did the like again: For *Wife Willy* gade wood at the wean and said, it had mair ill nature in't, nor the aulddest wife about the town; it pu'd the bed, and thit the bed skirl'd like a wil cat, and kept him frae his night's rest; and a the auid hagg about the town, ca'd him Sandy the bairn's daddy. And after a', the bleir-ein'd bell-man came and summoned him and her before the hally band, a court that held in the kirk on Saturday-morning. But *Wife Willy* had pity upon them, and gade wi' them to the kirk-court, what learned folks call the session.

Jenny was first called upon, and in she goes, where all the hally band were conven'd, wi' their white-headed staves, and hoddin grey jockey-coats about them.

Mess John says. Come away Janet, we're a' waiting on you here.

Min.) Now, Janet, where was this child gotten? You must tell plainly.

Jan. A-deed, sir, it was gotten among the black stanes, at the cheek o' the crab-holes.

Mess John stares at her, not knowing the place, but some elders did. Then said he, O Janet the de'il was busy with you at that time.

Jan. A by my figs, sir, that's a great lie ye're tellin' now, for the de'il wafna thereabout, it I saw, nor nae ither body, to bid us do ony thing; we loo'd ither unco weel for a lang time before that, and syne we tel'd ither, and greed to marry ither, like ither honest folk mightnae then learn to do the thing married fouk does, without the de'il helping us?

Whist, whist, cried they, you're speaking very undiscreetly before the session.

The

Jan. The devil's in the carles, for you and your ministers are liars, when ye say it de'de'il was helping Sandy and me to get de bairn.

Come, come, said they, pay down the kirk-dues, and come back to the stool the morn, four pound, and a great to the bell man.

Jan. The auld thief speed the dearth o't fir, for less might fair you and your bellman faith. O but this be a hard warld indeed, when poor honest fouk maun pay for making use o' their ain a— Ye misca' ay de poor de'il a-hint his back, and gie him de wyte o' a de ill it's done in the kintry, ballard bairns and every thing, but ye may thank the de'il for that good four pound and de goat I hae given you, that gars your pots boil brown, and get jockey-coats, pearl-handled sarks, and white-headed slaves, when my father's pot wallops up rough bear and blue water.

The woman's mad, said they, for this money is a' given to the poor of the parish.

Jan. The poor o' the parish, said she, a sient haert ye gie them but wee pickles o' pease-meal; didna I see't in their pocks? And the minister's wife gies naething ava to unco beggars but bids them gang hame to their ain parish, an' yet ye'll tak filler frae poor fouks, for naething but playing the loon a wee, or they be married, and syne cocks them up to be looked on and laugh'd at by every body; a devil speed you and your justice sir. Hute, tute, ye are a coming on me now, like a wheen colly dogs hunting a wa' a poor ragget chapman frae the door, and out she comes, cursing and greeting. Sandy's next called upon, and in he goes.

M'n. Now Saunders, you maun tell us how this child was gotten?

San.

San. A wow, Mefs John Sir, ye hae bairns o' your ain, how did you get them? But yours are a' laddies, and mine is but a lassie if you'll tell me how yot your laddies. I'll tell you how I got my lassie, an then we'll be baith alike goud o' the business.

The minister looks at him, hute, hute. Saunders, lay down four pound and a groat, and come back to-morrow to the school, and give satisfaction to the congregation; you had more need to be seeking repentance for that abominable sin of unchannels, than speaking so to me.

San. Then there is your filler. I ha'e gotten but poor penny worth for't, and ye'll tell me to repent for't: What the auld thief needs I repent, when I'm gaun to marry de woman?

Wife Willy. Now Sir, you and maitter elders ye mauna put them on the black creepy till they be married, they've suffered enough at ae time.

A well, a-well, said they, but they must marry very soon then.

I trow sae, says Sandy, ye'll be wanting mair filler, fowl haet ye'll do for naething here.

Hame came Sandy, starving o' hunger, ye might a callen a knot on his lang guts. His mithar was baking pease bannocks; up he gets a lump of her leaven into his mouth. Auld thief be in your haggies-bag Sandy, ye been wi' the minister the day, ye'd get a good ang grace, he might a gien you meat, thou filthy dog it tu is, thou ha's the buik of a little wha pie o' my leaven in your guts, it wada been four good bannocks and a scone, and a taird cur Sandy's dinner, sae wad it een; but an ye keep a rocking house and a rocking cradle three eleven years, a. I ha'e done, let's wail sae ye yet, baggity beast
it

it tu is, mair it bore thee now, a hear ye that my dow.

The next exploit was an action at law against the goodman of Muiredge a farmer who lived near by, that kept sheep and swine. His sheep came down and broke into their yards, and ate their kail; the wild hares, they thought, belonged to the same man, as they ran towards his house when they were hunted. The swine came very often in about their houses, seeking fish guts, and any other thing they could get; so it happened that when one of their children was sitting easing itself, one of the swine tumbles it over, and bites a piece out of the child's back-side. The whole town rose in an uproar, and



after Grunkie, as they called her. They caught her, and took her before *Wife Willy*. Willy takes an axe and cuts two or three inches off her long nose. Now, says Willy, I trow I hae made thee something decenter like, thou had sic a lang mouth and nose before, it wada frightened a very deil to look at ye; but now ye're fac'd like a little horse or cow. The poor sow ran home roaring all blood and wanting the nose! which caused Muiredge to warn them in before my Lord. So the wives who had their kail eaten, appeared first in the court, complaining against

against Muiredge. Indeed, my Lord, Muiredge
 is a good man when he's sic an a neighbour;
 he keeps black hares and white hares, little
 we brown backed hares wi' white arses, and
 loo wagging horns; de muckle anes loup o'er
 the like and ears a' de kail; and de little anes
 wi' de wagging horns, creeps in at our water
 gash-holes, and does the like; when we cry
 Pifue, they rin awa hame to Muir-edge; but
 I'll gar my colly haud 'em by the fit, and I'll
 haud 'em by the horn, an pu a' de hair aff 'em,
 an send em hame wanting the skin.

In comes Willy. A well, my Lord, ye maun
 just gar Muiredge gie ten merks 'o buy a plaister
 to heal the poor bit wean's arse again. Well
 said. Willy, says my Lord, but who puts on
 the sow's nose again? A figs my Lord, said
 Willy she's houester-like wanting it; an gin
 ye had hane a nose, my Lord, as lang as the
 sow had, ye'd been obliged to ony body it wad
 cut a piece aft.

A gentleman passing through their town,
 asked *Witty Eppie* where their College stood?
 Said she, Give me a shilling, and I'll let you see
 both the sides o't. He gives her a shilling,
 thinking to see some curious sight. Now, says
 she, there's one side of your shilling, and there's
 the other, and 'tis mine now.

P A R T III.

NOW *Wife Willy* was so admired for his
 judgement in cutting off the sow's nose,
 that his Lord in a mocking manner, made him
 burly bailie of Bucky-hine. Lang Sandy was
 provost, John Thrums, the weaver, was dean of
 guild.

Guild but Witty Eppie had ay the casting vote, in a their courts and controversies.

There happened one day a running horse to stand at one of their doors, and a child going about, the horse trampled on the child's foot, which caused the poor child to cry; the mother came running in a passion, crying. A wae be't ye for a horse it ere ye was born! filthy barbarian bruit it trow is, to set your muckle iron lufe on my bairn's wee fittie; od fir, I'll rive the hair out o' your head, grippin' the horse by the mane and the twa lugs, cuffin' his chaffs,



as if he had been her fellow-creature, crying, Be go-laddie. I'll gar you as good; I'll tak you before Wise Willy the bailie, and he will cut aff your hand wi' de iron lufe, and dan you will be cripple, and gang thro' the kintry on a barrow, or on twa shule-staffs, like Rab the Randy, an a meal pock about your neck.

Her neighbour-wife hearing and seeing what past, cried O ye fool taupy, what gars you say that a horse was born; do you think dat a horse has a ladder or a midden like you or me, or ony ither body? A what way do they come to the world dan? A ye fool taupy, givna they whalp like the louses, ae auld horse lobbies on anither anes back, and dat whalps a young orse.

When

When Long Sandy and Relicbhing Jenny were married, the wedding held three days and two nights; my Lord and my Lady, with several gentlemen and ladies, attended for diversion's sake the piper of Kirkcaldy and the fiddler of Kinghorn. were both bitten by Wife Willy the bride's father, and if any man came to play unbidden. Wife Willy swore they should find an ill o' for them if they should get at the fiddler that was to be given or won that day.



The dinner and dorder-meat was a' set in Eppie's college and the dancing stood in two rings before the door, and the first day, with dunting and dangling of their heels, dang down the sea-dyke: some rumbled in and some held by the flanes; the fiddler fell o'er the lugs an' drookit a' his fiddle, the strings gade out of order, and the tripe turned fast like pudding-kin; so the bag pipe had to do for a', and the fiddler got nought to do but sup kail, an' pike banes wit the rest of them.

Now my Lord's cook was thorder t' e kettle, but Pare o' the Pans play'd a sad prat, by casting in twa pounds of candle among the kail, which made them fat. Some could not sup them for the candle-wicks came ay into their cutties like fatters

tangles in the dish. but some, who had stronger
 stomachs, stripped them through their teeth,
 like ratton-tails, and said, Mony a ano wad be
 bly he o' sic a string to tie their hose wi in a
 pinch; my Lord and the Gentry, M^{rs} John
 and the clerk were all placed at the head of
 the table opposite to the bride, but would sup
 none of the candle-kail. *Wife Willy* and the
 bridegroom served the table, and cried, Sup
 and a sorrow to you for I never liked four
 kail about my house. When the flesh came,
 the bride got a ram's rumple to pick; she takes
 it up, and wags it at my Lord, saying, Ti hie,
 my Lord, what an a piece is dat? O, said he,
 bride, that's the tail-piece, it belongs to you.
 Me, my Lord! it's no mine; I never had a ting
 like dat, it's a fish tail, see as it wags, it's a bit
 o' a dead beast. O yes, said he, bride, you hit
 it now; but how come you to eat with your
 gloves on! Indeed my Lord, there is a reason
 for dat, I hae scabbit hands. O fy said he,
 I cannot believe you. So she pulls down her
 glove, and shows him. O yes said he, I see
 it is so. Aha, but my Lord, I wish you saw
 my a—, it's a' in ae hatter! O fy! said he,
 bride, you should not speak so before Ladies
 and your maidens. I wonder, said he to *Wife*
Willy, her father, you do not teach your daugh-
 ter to speak otherwise. A be my fae, my Lrd,
 ye may as well kiss her a—, as gar her speak
 ony ither way. The next dish that was set
 on the table, was roasted hens, and the bride's
 portion being laid on her plate, she says to my
 Lord, will ye let me dip my fowl-arse amang
 your sauce? Upon my word, and that I will not,
 said he, if it be as you told me. Hout, my Lord,
 it's

it's no my a—, it's but de hen's I mean. (O but, said he, bride, it's the fashion for every one to eat off the roo'n plate; you may get more fauce, I can manage all mine myself. Indeed, my Lord, I thought ye liket me better than ony body. O but, said he, I l' ve myself better than you, bride. Deed, my Lord, I think ye re the best body about the house for your Lady's but a stinking, pridefu jade, she thinks that we sud mak the fish a' alike be go, my Lord, she thinks we sud mak the haddies a' like herrin. O bride, said he, you should not speak ill of my Lady, for she hears you very well. O deed my Lord, I had nae mind o' that. A well, then said he, drink to me, or them ye like best. Then heres to you a' de gither.

Dinner being over, my Lord desired the bride to dance. Indeed, my Lord, I canna dance ony, but I'll gar my wame wallop fornent yours, and then rin round about as fast as I can. Very well bride, said my Lord, that will do; we shall neither kils nor shake hands, but I'll bow to you, and ye ll back to me, and so we'll have done.

After dinner and dancing, my Lord advised the bride to be a good neighbour, and to 'gree well with every body round about. I wat well my Lord, said she, ye ken I did never cast out wi' nae body but lang Pate o' de Pans, an he was a' de wyte o't; it began wi' a hiertieing, an a jamfing me about Sandy, de black flanes, an de crab holes, where de wean was gotten, and then it turn'd to a hub-bub and cully-thangy, an or e'er you wad said Jack Robson, we were aboon iher in the mussel midden. I trow I tell'd him o' his feif-tuty, it steal'd de fark and drank

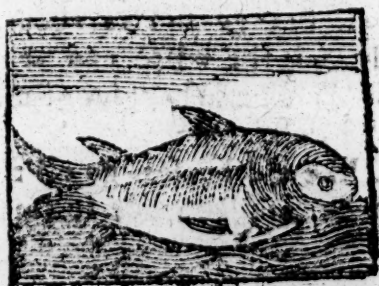
drank de filler, an' how his midder fell d mauky
minton, an' mair nor a' that, and sae did I e en,
my Lord.

My Lord had a friend who was a captain in
the army, who came to visit him, and hearing
of the Buckers' sayings and exploits, was very
desirous to see them; and my Lord, to put them
in a fright, sent his servant, and ordered all of
them, both men and women, to come up before
his gate, directly the morn about kail-time, and
all that did not come, was to slit and remove
out of my Lord's ground directly, this put them
all in great terror. Some ran to Wile Willy
to see what it meant: Willy said, it was before
something, and he was sure that death would
be the warst o' it, come what will. But Witty
Eppie said I ken weel what's to come, he's
gaun to mak de men o' us fogers and the wives
dragoons, becau' we're de best fighters. I ken
there is something to come on the town, for our
Nancy saw Maggy's gairt the streen it was bury'd
four o'uke syne. A hech, co Willy, that's a sign
the meal is dear i' the ither warld; we'll tak
our dinner or we go, we'll may-be ne'er come
back again. So a'ay they went lamenting all
in a crowd. My Lord and the Captain were
looking out at the window when they came up.
The Captain cried to them To the right about.
To which they answered, Good bless you my
Lord, what does that man say? Then said my
Lord, Turn your face to Maggy Millheads, and
your arse to the sea. This they did in all haste,
And what will we do now? said Willy. No
more, said my Lord, but gang away home Willy.
O my blessings come o'er your bonny face, my
Lord, I wish you may never die, nor yet grow
sick,

frek, nor naebodv kill you; ye're the best Lerd I ken, for we thought a' to be made dead men and fogers; ye're wiser than a' the witches in Fife.

It was an old custom in Bucky-harbour, when they got a hearty drink, that they went down to dance among the boats. One, two, or three of the oldest, went into a boat to see the rest dance. Whenever they admitted a burger, there was always a dance. One day they admitted gly'd Rob Thomson, from the Island of May, and after he was admitted they got account from Wife Willy that gly'd Rob was z witch, which made them all stop their dancing, and Rob was cried on to make answer to this weighty charge. Gly'd Rob cried None of you shall stir a fit for two hours, I se warrand you. So Rob spang'd and jumped over the boat several times, and put them in great terror! So that Rob was obliged to go back to the May, and carry coals to the light-house.

It was reported that gly'd Rob was born in Bucky, and that his father was Willy Thomson's son, who was banished for a slave to the May, to carry coals; he would not take with him, because he had but ae eye. After that, there was no more dancing at admitting of burghers, but the old usual way over a scate's rump, and then drink till they were biird fud.



Upon the Rood day four young Bucky lasses went away earl in the morning with their creels full of fish; about a mile frae the town, they saw a man coming down the brae driving an als before him; and when he came near, Tardy-Tib says, 'Tis a man driving a big mauken. Tib flang her creel and fish away, the other three ran another way, and got off. They said it



was a horn'd deil; and when Tib tell'd the frightsome story in the town, many ran out to see the poor man (or cadger and his als) driving the auld mauken. The fishers look on all maukens to be devils and witches; and if they but see a dead mauken, it sets them a trembling.

The fisher lasses look with great disdain on a farmer's daughter, and all the country lasses; they call them muck-a-byres, and sherney-tails.

The Bucky lads and lasses, when they go to gather bait, tell strange stories about ghosts, witches, Willy wi' the wisp, and the Kelpy, Fairies and Maukens, and boggles of all sorts.

The Ghosts, like old horses, go all night, for fear they are seen, and be made to carry seats,
or

or fish, or be carted; and witches are the worst kind of devils and make use of cats to ride upon, or kill kebbers and besoms, and sail over seas in cockle-shells, and witch, jell and lassies, and disable bridegrooms. As for *Willy* and the *Wisp*, he is a fiery devil, and leads people off their road in order to drown them; for he sparks sometimes at our feet, and then goes before us with his candle, as if he were two or three miles before us. Many a good boat has Spunkie drowned; the boats coming to land in the night-time they observe a light off the land, and set in upon it, and are drowned.

The Kelpy is a sly devil, he roars before a loss at sea and frightens both young and old upon the shore. Fairies are terribly troublesome, they gang dancing round fouks lums, and rin through the houses they haunt, and play odd tricks; and lift new-borr bairns from their mothers, and none of them is safe to ly with their mothers, for a night or two after they are born, unless the mother gets a pair of men's breeches under her head the first three nights; the Fairies whip away the child, and leave an old stock with the woman. One tried to burn an old stock that the Fairies left in the cradle, but the old stock jumped upon a cat and flew up the lum. Maukens are most terrible! and have bad luck; none will go to sea that day they see a Mauken; or if any one put a Mauken's fit in their creel they will not lift it that day, as it will be bad luck, either broken backs or legs, or arms, or hear bad accounts of the boats at sea. They are terrified for all sorts of boggles both by land and sea.

MUSSEL-MOUD HARRY.



Mussel-mou'd Harrie, the skull-maker whose lug was nail'd to a tree near my Lord's garden, for cutting yeung saughs, for to make skulls and creels of, he put himself in a hideous dress, and went about playing tricks in the night time, which frightened the whole town, until he was catch'd by my Lord's piper. He was therefore sent to the minister, who rebuked him; but Harry said that he only frightened his ain town, but the minister frightened the whole parish, by telling them, that they would go to H—ll, if they did not repent; this is your gate o't stir, and I made them to repent by fright; so I think I sud be paid by your honour for't. You tell me stir, about my Lord's saughs, for which I suffered; if your honour's lug had been there, you wou'dna gotten aff sae esy for stir, your lugs are as lang as my gray cat's; so I bid you farewel.

F I N I S.

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